

A Year Without the Leftenant

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Summary: A small one-shot meant to be a fix for the season 3 finale. Heavy spoilers for "Ragnarok." Ichabbie forever!

A Year Without the Leftenant

****Disclaimer:** I don't own the characters, if i did we all wouldn't be upset about this crap storm that was the finale!**

****Here's a little something I whipped up, because I'm EXTREMELY upset about the finale! So I basically just need a world right now where Abbie is alive and Ichabbie is together. So here we are. ****

* * *

><p>Ichabod walked through the abandoned warehouse, he was hot on the hunt for a werewolf, or lycanthrope if you will. He moved soundlessly though the shadows his small cross bow in hand, it was fully equipped with silver tipped arrows. He had confronted the beast just as it was about to make its next kill, Ichabod had wounded it, however, it had fled in the process. He had tracked it here.<p>

Crane continued to stealthy move along the cool, steel, wall of the building. His movements felt mechanical, even though he continued to endeavor to fight the good fight, he felt hollow on the inside. It had been a year since he had lost the Leftenant, and he had never quite been the same. He had tried everything to get her back, but to no avail. The world and Sleepy Hollow in general was more complicated and dangerous than ever, each day Crane found it harder to press on without his partner, his better half. Each day the burden of his duty weighed heavier on him, he remembered how she had always been able to lighten the load simply by her presence, her resonating light. This was a road that was meant to be traveled together, and he now found himself alone.

Ichabod stopped in his tracks as he heard a slight creek echo from the shadows behind him, he whirled around just as the lycanthrope burst from the shadows, angry and bleeding. Crane fired an arrow, the beast dodged it and lunged for him. Ichabod landed flat on his back the creature snapping at him, he held it back with all his might but in the end it's powerful jaws sunk into his upper shoulder. He let out a yell of pain, Ichabod frantically shoved his hand in his pocket in search of his spare arrow, he found it. He rammed the arrow into the beast's neck and it released him, letting out a piercing howl as it did. A moment later the lycanthrope fell to the side with a heavy thud.

He clutched his shoulder, blood pouring out of the wound. Ichabod was no fool, he knew there was too much of it. He laid on his back, the blood showing no sign of stopping. Perhaps in the end this was what he wanted, though the idea of dying alone was frightening, he took comfort in the thought that he might see the Lieutenant again, his Lieutenant. They had a bond so strong it could connect them between worlds, a bond that could beat anything. And without her, in many ways it all felt pointlessâ€¦futile. Ichabod took a deep breath, his eyelids heavy. He stared up at the dark, gray ceiling of the warehouse, and breathed out his final, peaceful, breath.

* * *

><p>Ichabod awoke with a start to the sound of a rapidly beating heart monitor. He looked around the room he now found himself in, he was in a hospital. He frantically checked his shoulder, there wasn't a scratch on it. Crane quickly became aware of an ever present and sharp throb in his head. Then a second later Jenny came from around the corner, a worried look on her features.<p>

"Miss Jenny, what's happened?" Ichabod asked, winching as he touched the back of his head.

"Pandora's box exploded, remember. You hit your head pretty hard. I couldn't get you to wake up, so I took you here." Jenny explained.

"The doctors say you have a concussion." She added.

Crane felt like he had been punched in the gut. The past year had been a dream, a hallucination of sorts. He felt as if though he had been without Abbie for years but in truth it had only been mere hours. He couldn't help but wonder if he had the strength to go on.

"Ichabod, there something else." Jenny stated, snapping him from his thoughts.

Ichabod looked at her in acknowledgement.

Jenny stepped aside a slight smile forming on her lips. In the doorway stood Abbie. Ichabod could've sworn his heart skipped a beat, never in one moment had Ichabod ever felt a crushing weight disappear so fast. He sprung to his feet, with complete disregard for the vitals monitor. He was half way across the room in seconds, and so was Abbie. She threw herself into his ready arms, burying her face in his chest.

"Leftenant." He whispered, holding her tight and stroking her hair.

"Crane." She smiled, still holding him.

"Leftenant, I thought I'd lost you for good." He spoke quietly, fighting back tears.

They pulled away just enough to look at each other.

"But Pandora said..." Ichabod started.

"Pandora is a lying bitch." Abbie cut him off.

"I guess her telling you I was dead was her final revenge for killing Horas." Abbie added.

Ichabod felt relief wash over him. He looked into Abbie's eyes, realizing he didn't want to waste another moment. He leaned down and pressed his lips to hers. Sparks flew as she returned the kiss, standing on her tiptoes. Jenny slipped out unnoticed, giving them some space. The kiss deepened and lasted for several more moments, it was unlike any other for both of them. When they pulled away, she gave him a smile.

"Abbie, I thought you were dead. I was sure I had really lost you this time, and it made me realize that I don't ever want to be apart from you again." Ichabod spoke sincerely.

He held her face, leaning down so that he was at eye level with her.

"I love you more deeply then I have ever loved any person in my entire life, and the thought of losing you is more than I can bare." Crane whispered, gazing into her eyes.

"I love you too Crane, and I promise I'm never leaving you again." She put her hand on top of his, gently stroking his knuckle with her thumb.

She leaned upwards and they kissed once more.

* * *

><p>Ichabod sat back in his hospital bed, Abbie was next to him, his arm wrapped around her. The doctors had made him stay the night, but thankfully Abbie was allowed to stay as well. Crane rubbed a calming circular pattern on the side of her arm, her head rested on his shoulder. He basked in the peacefulness that her company provided, truthfully he never wanted to be more than two feet away from her ever again. They were silent, simply holding one and other.<p>

"You know Crane, when the box exploded. It didn't just let me out, it let all the darkness in it out too." Abbie broke the silence.

"It had some serious power in it this time, I haven't looked at the news much, but from what I can tell a lot of weird stuff is going on all around the world." She moved her head to better look at him.

"Well Leftenant, it would appear our work is not yet finished."
Ichabod said in determination, his voice still full of morale.

"Damn straight." Abbie smiled, putting up her fist for a fist
pump.

Crane smiled and pressed his fished hand to hers.

End
file.